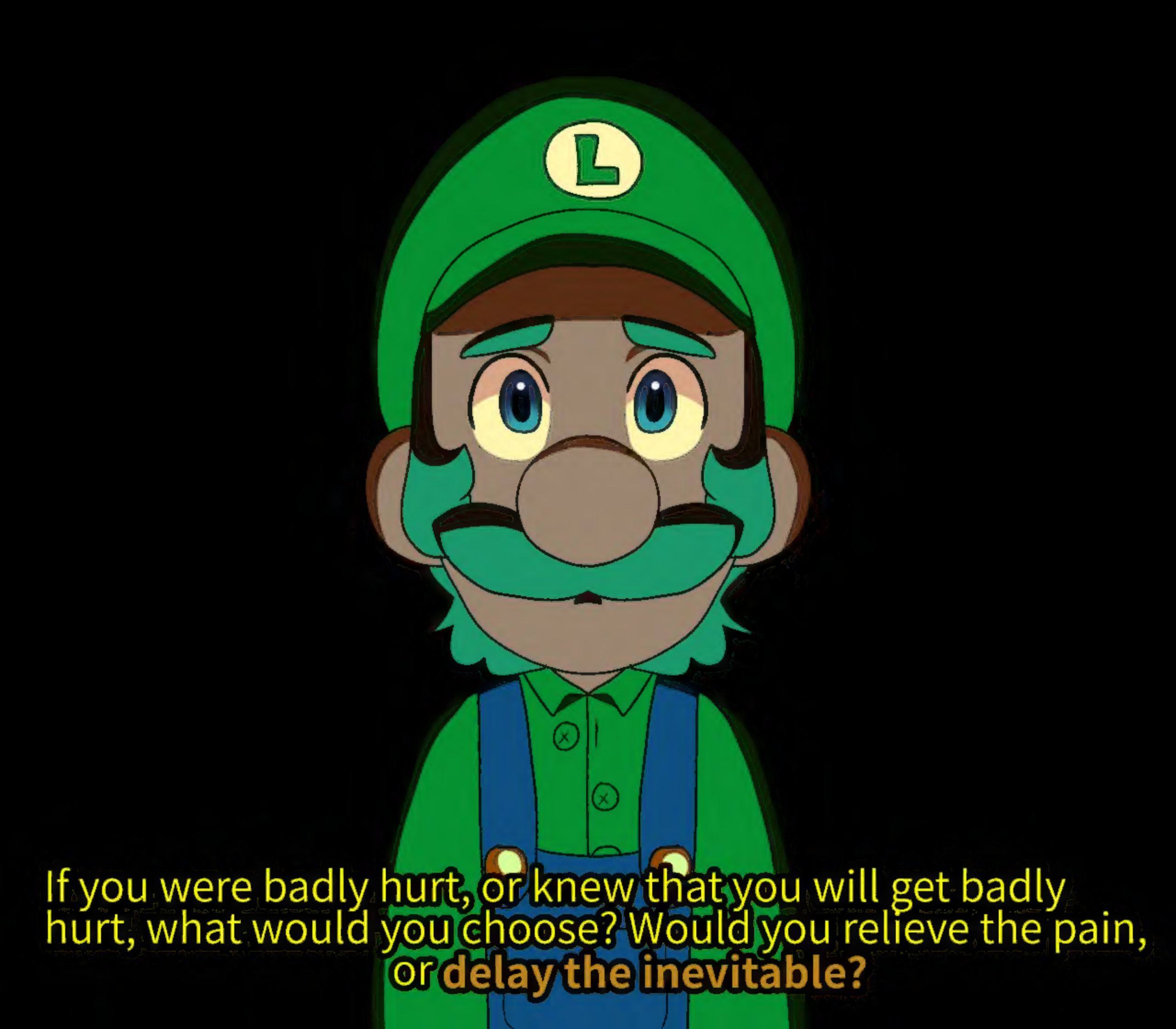
KP: Thank you..um...
L: It's Luigi.
KP: Thank you, Luigi...
You smell of crisp apple skin!

Ok, I'm confused. I am grateful that you did, but why did you save us? I thought you were uncaring?

I like you. You're clumsy and underprepared. And someone like you is gonna need what I can do. So I'm going to give you something for free if you answer my question!


If you were badly hurt, or knew that you will get badly hurt, what would you choose? Would you relieve the pain, or delay the inevitable?

I'm sorry, but I don't understand riddles or metaphors
or that stuff.

Alright! I have informed my men that we will
embark on our quest to rescue them!

scratch
scratch
scratch
small panicked breaths

long exhale

Wait, whuh? Apple skin?

HEY! WAIT FOR ME!